

The Children's Page.

Rock-a-Bye, Baby.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby and cradle and all."

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadows in bloom
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with your baby tune,
Goo at the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby; as softly it swings
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding or cooling at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair,
Sleep, little baby, there are clouds in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with that yearning manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby; there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away—
Days when its songs shall be changed to a moan—
Crosses that baby must bear alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby; the meadows in bloom,
May never the frost pall the beauty in bloom,
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen—
Rock-a-bye, baby, "thy cradle is green."

The Little Red Cushion.

"Cornelia Evarts!"

Little Miss Prim snapped out the words with as much of an air as if she had a hundred or two scholars, instead of a small district school; so small that you could almost put the whole thing under a good-size umbrella, and walk away with it.

"Yes'm," came back a meek little voice from the other end of the room.

"I'm not going to hear this noise any longer. No I am not!" declared Miss Prim. "So do you just walk up here to the desk, this very minute!"

Two small feet stumbled out into the passage between the well-worn wooden benches; and the little girl walked slowly up to the big desk, till she stood exactly in front of the sharp little eyes of the teacher, who looked her all over keenly from head to foot.

"What have you been doing to make all the children laugh?" at last she said.

"Nothin'," said Cornelia, dragging her well-worn shoe back and forth over the old school-room floor. And then with a small stop, that just saved her from a falsehood, added, "Only"—

"Only what?" said Miss Prim sharply, and adjusting her spectacles, for better sight. "Speak out now!"

"Nothin'," again said Cornelia, but with a gasp she came up again. "I didn't mean to; I—"

"I can't help what you meant to do," replied Miss Prim, severely, and opened a drawer under the old desk. "Now then—"

She brought out what looked like a wad of paper, but, when unrolled, it proved to be a huge cap, which she proceeded, with great deliberation, to fit on Cornelia's head. "I've had trouble enough," she said, "all this morning, so that I can't hardly hear myself think. Now, I'll see if I can't stop it. Wait a bit; you must get the corn-cob in—"

"Oh, I don't want that," cried Cornelia, under her fool's-cap, which Miss Prim had jammed, like an extinguisher, over her countenance, and watching timidly the teacher's movements. "Oh, no, I don't!"

"But it's just what you're going to have," said Miss Prim, with a nod, "open your mouth." And she held up a big corn-cob, ready to pop in the moment she saw the two rows of little white teeth.

So Cornelia had the mouthful slipped in, and then, in obedience to Miss Prim's command, she mounted a little cricket in front of the teacher's desk, and turned a comical face of distress to the other scholars, who, one and all, set up a laugh at her appearance.

She couldn't cry because the corn-cob wouldn't let her; nor yet could she beg the teacher to take it out, and give her any other punishment under the sun than to make her the laughing-stock of the whole school. All she could do was to stand there in utter misery, rolling her eyes at the clock to watch its slow hands point out her release.

"Now," exclaimed Miss Prim, having fixed her as a public warning for all other naughty children. "I shall see what you have been hiding in your desk that has made such a disturbance among the scholars. I shall see for myself!"

So she walked down between the two rows of benches, having all eyes upon her, till she came to Cornelia's little old desk. Without a second's pause, she flung back the lid and exposed to view—what?

A little heart-shaped pin-cushion of red silk, sewed with painstaking care, and stuck with pins that formed crooked little letters, but each one set by loving fingers. And the letters were "Miss Prim!"

The little, thin, stern teacher staggered back, and rubbed her eyes.

Then she picked up the little cushion, and started with rapid footsteps for her desk.

"Cornelia"—out came the corn-cob at the same moment—"what is this for?" she asked, holding it up. "You said," mumbled Cornelia, rubbing her mouth with her fat little hand, "that 'twas your birthday tomorrow; I heard you tell Aunt Johnson so—an' I wanted to s'prise you—I did."

"Well, you have!" cried Miss Prim, throwing her thin arms around her, and giving her a dozen or more kisses, that nearly knocked the breath out of her.

"Don't you ever forget that: I've had the biggest surprise I've ever had in my life, and a lesson, too!" she added, with a humble little drop to her voice.

"Children," and she tore off the fool's-cap from the little brown head before her; then turned, and faced them all.

"I ought to wear this myself—only," and a smile quivered over her thin lips, "I suppose it wouldn't look very well for your teacher to be so punished for her carelessness."

"But," and she held as high as she could reach the little red pin-cushion for them all to see, "this will always say to me, 'Be sure, before you find fault!'"

Never Snub a Child.

That is what our minister said in his sermon a few weeks ago, and if those four words made as much impression on the rest of the congregation as they did on us, that sermon will prove of more real practical value than most that are preached, and the children of generations yet unborn will have good reason to rise up and call the preacher blessed. We have no idea of giving a report of that sermon, or even a synopsis of it. What we have quoted is sufficient topic for consideration, and enough to furnish food for thought through one sitting.

"Never snub a child." Mind that, you fathers and mothers, who will read this. Think for a moment what effect a hasty, thoughtless word may make on the child's disposition. The little one may come to you when you are worn out by toil, tired from mental labor, engaged in reading or in conversation, or busied with some perplexing task, and trouble you with an innocent question. If you are vexed, don't show it; don't fret; don't look cross; don't speak hastily; answer the questions as well as you can—some questions that children ask are not easily answered—and send the child away gently. Its pleasant face will diffuse light and love over the whole household, and do you a better service than you are aware of. A frown, a rebuke, even the slightest check, will show its effect upon the child's countenance, and you may be sure it goes deeper than you can see, and lasts longer than you may think it does.

No opportunity to cultivate a child's self-respect should be neglected. That is the foundation to true manhood, and he who builds on any other builds on a quicksand. Better than the education of the schools or fortunate business connections, high birth, or influential friends. These are all well as adjuncts, but altogether they are less to be desired than the self-respect which begets confidence, energy and self-reliance.

If you want to try an experiment, take a dog and subject it for six months to the same treatment some children receive, and observe the effect. Our word for it you will give it such a disposition that it will be known all over the neighborhood as an animal to be avoided. Somewhat like effects are produced on all other animals. There are, of course, differences. Some will be more easily affected than others, as their natural dispositions differ, but a harsh word is never without injury.

Many brutal instincts may, in a measure, be overcome by kindness; and, on the contrary, humanity becomes dull by undeserved reproof even when it is not formulated in words. The world would be better if there were more kindly words, and many a child grows up to be a hard-hearted, unloving man, who if reared in an atmosphere of kindness would have nourished the seeds of affection planted in his early days, and in his naturalness been a blessing to all around him.

Do as I Do.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Teddy opened his eyes wide all at once, to find the sun just peeping in at his window, and the shadows of the elm tree branches waving on the chamber wall.

"Ho, ho! you dear old rooster!" he thought; "I'm glad you waked me, for I suppose there are some eggs down in the coop this very minute; so I'll hurry and dress as soon as I can, and go and find them."

Teddy had come for a long visit at his auntie's in the country; and the old rooster and he were friends at once, when he first went to see him, the day before.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o!"

Teddy could not wait any longer. He opened the window, and shouted back to chanticleer in his own language,

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o!"

"I'm awake as well as you."

"Pretty well done, Teddy," said cousin Sam, who just then went out of the back door on his way to the barn. "You might add a little more to it though. You might say,

"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

"I'm awake as well as you,
And I'll come and see you too,
In a minute!"

"So I will, Sam. Just wait till I get my jacket," answered Teddy.

"I like that old rooster first rate," he said, as Sam and he went down to the barn.

"Do you, Teddy? Well, there's something new down here by the coop, this morning, that I guess you'll like better still." And sure enough, when they reached the coop, Teddy found a whole brood of dear little chickens, just hatched out, and chirping about the proud old mother hen. "Oh, oh! what darling little chicks!" said Teddy with delight. "Has Mae seen them?"

Just at that moment Mae herself came running down from the house, and joined Teddy in his admiration of the little soft, downy things.

How they did love those chickens—Teddy and Mae! Day after day they fed and watched them, while the chicks kept growing larger and larger, until at last, one day, one of them tried to crow. The children laughed to hear his funny little cracked voice, and to see him flap his wings, as if to say,

"Cock-a-doodle-do!
I'm a rooster, too."

By and by another tried to crow, and then another, until at last, instead of seven chicks, the children found they were growing up into five little cocks and two little hens.

One of these small roosters was a special favorite with the children. He was a glossy brown, and he had a dear little sister hen just as brown and just as glossy. These two little brownies were always together; and when the others would scatter all over the lawn, they were never separated, but if you should see one you might be sure the other was not far away. The children had given names to each of the chickens. This little hen they called

Bessie Brown, but the rooster they called "Do as I do," because grandma had said that he seemed to be saying these words every time he tried to crow.

One very hot day in August, Teddy and Mae had been playing under the elm tree all the morning, and when lunch time came they were very hungry. Teddy went to the house for cookies.

"There are only two," said auntie, "but I'll give you some nice biscuit and butter, and you can have the cookies to top off with."

Teddy put the cookies in his pocket, and, taking the biscuits in his hand, ran to the elm tree. Now Teddy was fond of cookies, and wanted them both himself. So he gave Mae her biscuit, and, while they were eating, he thought what he would do.

"I'm coming back in a few minutes, Mae," he said, as soon as he had swallowed the last mouthful of biscuit. "You wait here, won't you?" And he ran away across the lawn, and climbed over the stone wall. Then he sat down, took out the cookies, and began to eat very fast. He tried to think they tasted good, but somehow he felt very mean and the crumbs choked him when he swallowed them. Just then he spied the little brown rooster not far off. He was flapping his wings to crow.

"Do-as-I-do!" he said. Then he gave a low cackle, and up ran his sister Bessie Brown to pick up a worm which he had scratched out of the soft earth for her.

"You dear little brownie! Is that the way you feed your sister?" said Teddy, forgetting to take another bite of his cookies.

"Do-as-I-do!" crowed the little brown cock again. Teddy looked at the brownies, then he looked at his cookies, then he looked down on the ground, and felt ashamed. "I won't be so mean," he said, "Mae shall have her cookie and the rest of mine too."

So he jumped over the wall and went and told Mae all about it.

Just as he had finished, and had asked her to forgive him, the little brown rooster called again, "Do-as-I-do," and Teddy said, "Yes, I will do as you do, you dear little brownie, and I don't think you'll catch me doing such a mean thing again."

My Dream.

I had a funny dream last night.

I dreamed I started on a voyage in a nice little boat, rowed by two very funny-looking men, and I took an oar and soon found that I was growing very wise. I seemed to be one of the wise men of Gotham that went to sea in a bowl. However, this time the bowl was stronger, and so my story will be longer.

We saw three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by;
We saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's day in the morning.

As we neared the cliffs of Mother Gooseland, I heard a sweet voice singing:

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea;
He'll come back and marry me.

And on the cliffs sat the sorrowful little maiden, with big tears rolling down her cheeks, and all for Bobby Shafto. There we left her. Of course, in landing in a strange country, my first thoughts was to pay my respects to the King and Queen, but

The King was in his counting house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

No audience there. So I sauntered through the queer-looking streets which were bordered by little gardens. Seeing a pretty girl looking out of a window, I said:

Miss Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And fair maids all in a row!

Pretty soon I came to a hill, and, as I looked, up went Jack and Jill to draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

While I was grieving over them I heard the mournful cry of

Ding-dong, bell! Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green!
Who pulled her out? Great Jack Stout!
What a naughty boy was that
To crown poor mamma's pussy cat.

Suddenly there was an uproar, and along came, at full speed, with a crowd in chase of him—

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Who stole a pig, and away did run.

Before Tom had fairly got away, I heard a shout of—Hark, hark! The dogs do bark; the beggars are coming to town; Some in rags, some in jags, and some in velvet gown.

Feeling tired and hungry after my walk and all the stirring scenes I had been through, I sought shelter in an inn, and said to the landlady:

"Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?"
"There's beef in the larder and ducks in the pond;
Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For you must be killed and my customers filled!"

Just as I was putting a piece of the delicious roast duck in my mouth, I awakened to find that I had over slept myself, and the breakfast-bell was ringing.

Wisdom for Boys.

Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Yield not to discouragements.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Conundrums.

How many ears has "the iron horse?" One—the engineer.

Why is the vowel "o" the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible.

What tree most resembles the remains of a fine Havana cigar? A white ash.

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they leave out their summer clothing.